

Letter from Professor Winchester

My esteemed friend and colleague Professor Clarkson,

I must admit that when I received your letter I was highly sceptical. The dreams of man are fraught with inaccuracies and fantasy no matter how sound of mind your associate Reverend Devine must be. But, as it was you, and of course my own fascination for the occult and things forbidden drove me to investigate this issue to the best of my abilities. And a most interesting investigation it has been.

I am no doubt sure you are aware of the recent finds of the fishing vessel Annabel sailing out of Peterhead, the exploits of this particular fishing boat being well reported in the Glasgow herald of last Thursday. At first glance these discoveries are an interesting archaeological find but when cross referenced with the criteria set me by you my friend Devine they become extremely exiting indeed.

Your first request intrigued me. Reverend Devine's dreams pertaining to ancient aquatic structures, dark unfathomable depths and sunken civilisations at first frankly seemed pure gibberish. I asked myself more than once why it was that I was devoting time to this endeavour that I felt surely could be put to better use elsewhere. But, my perseverance has payed off as I have discovered a set of most unusual results.

The first reference I found detailing an underwater city in the northern Atlantic was located in an ancient text of Greek origin. It was written by the infamous but little known Zenophrastus of Crete, a mystic or seer of ill repute who worshipped a number of pagan deities and established a small cult in the 8th century BC. He talks of a great island city named Kled existing pre historically, long before the birth of man where a race of alien creatures best translated from Greek as "The Beings from Before" lived. In his work he writes that a great cataclysm befell the city and that the entire island on which it was situated sunk into the ocean. I surmise that perhaps this could be one of the origins of the myth of Atlantis and its subsequent fall. I am sure you will agree that this fits the bill concerning your first avenue of enquiry pertaining to underwater cities and also ties neatly into your second criteria of events relating to comets or asteroids. I have enclosed a copy of a passage from the text.

What does all this have to do with the findings of the Annabel I hear you ask? Well, it is the artifacts caught in the Annabel's nets in relation to another work of mythical fiction that this whole thing becomes more intriguing. As you know I have a keen interest in all things Scandinavian and in particular the Norse sagas of old Iceland, I remembered a segment of one saga in particular that bares a remarkable resemblance to what Zenophrastus described many years before. Again I have enclosed the passage.

I think that perhaps the items recovered by the Annabel might have come from one of Hakon Hakonarsson's lost ships and when combined with the resemblance to the description in Zenophrastus's writing, It could mean that the Annabel has unwittingly uncovered the remains of the ancient alien city of Kled! It is a long shot but it is up to intrepid men of knowledge such as ourselves to find out. Arrangements are being made for an expedition as you read this letter, exciting times are ahead. It is time to rewrite history my friend.

Professor Thomas Winchester, Glasgow University Archaeology Department

Excerpt from *Veneficus Mysterium Malificarum* by Zenophrastus. Translated from Latin

For it is related in our darkest and most secret records how once, before the dawn of man and civilisation as

we know it had come to pass, an unearthly and ungodly state existed which was home to a completely alien host. This interstellar bastion weathered the course of geological time, starting from a distant point in the Atlantic Ocean and was insolently advancing to attack the whole of the known world. This island which was tenfold the size of beautiful Crete and the Aegean islands combined. It was home to a most hideous race of creatures; the Beings from Before, who built the damned city of Kled which was resplendant with enormous towers of pure shimmering white, the construction of which would baffle the mind of Pythagoras or Pytheos himself the celebrated builder of the temple of Minerva at Priene. They rose like great ivory tusks stretching taller than the mighty colossus or even the great pyramids at Giza. But the plight of these abominations was ultimately a futile one, as not even their marvellous otherworldly power could resist the wrath of the dark gods, a thunderbolt sent from the heavens themselves smited cursed Kled back into the sea, a mighty meteor forged in the court of the daemon sultan Azathoth smashed into the city condemning it to the deep, never to rise again.

Excerpt from The Saga of Hakon Hakanarsson Translated from old Norse

The storm had pushed us off course, way south, I feared we had missed the mainland of my beloved Iceland completely. We had been rowing against the storm for four days and still there was no end in sight. The men were exhausted and dying already. All five longboats in my fleet were reduced to half strength with the frozen bodies of once brave warriors huddled at their berths.

It was the night of the fifth day when the storm grew more intense, we did not believe such weather possible and our fruitful mission was surely cursed. The first vessel went down, something tearing an enormous hole straight through her hull, it disappeared in minutes. It was then that I started to catch glimpses of something in the shallows between the swells of the enormous waves, huge white blocks of crystal started to break the water. They shimmered with an almost phosphorescent glow in contrast to the infinite dark of that fateful night. Suddenly a large wave picked up Snorri's ship to our right it lifted it up 50 foot in the air, it seemed about to come crashing down on us, we were doomed. But no, it stayed up, floating in the air as the wave pummelled us into the ocean. Snorri's ship was perched atop a massive column of glowing white unnatural crystal, like some ancient tower taller than the ramparts of our Lord's stronghold, no man I know could have built such a structure. We could see terrified men jumping overboard as the ship teetered on the edge above the raging sea. It fell without a sound never to be seen again. The furious storm eventually broke and our damaged ship drifted away from that terrible alien place. The fates of the other two longboats in my fleet are unknown, I fear the fish or the architects of that strange, evil palace are the only ones who could answer my questions and I doubt I could muster the courage to ask if presented with the opportunity.

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